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## The Messenger, Vol. 21, No. 6

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# Richmond College Messenger.

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VOL. XXI.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 6

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

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BUSINESS MANAGERS.

JOHN JETER HURT, *Philologist.*

J. RYLAND MURDOCH, *Ass't, Mu Sigma Rho.*

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## VERSES BY L. R. HAMBERLIN.

### I.—SONG : CONSTANT INCONSTANCY.

Nay—don't you pout,  
And don't you flout,  
And don't be all so naughty, dear !  
And do not deem  
Me—though I seem  
To you so—all so naughty, dear !—  
Though, when the eyes I love are far,  
I love the eyes that nearest are !

Nay—no not spurn  
My glad return,  
I never did forget you, dear !  
No traitor I  
That needs must die,  
My heart supreme doth set you, dear !—  
Though, when the lips I love are far,  
I love the lips that nearest are !



## II.—LONGIN' FER THE BUDS TER COME.

The sunshine's pow'rful misty,  
An' the spring is mighty late,  
An' the winter seems ter never  
Want ter git beyan' the gate ;—  
So I most nigh lose my patience  
As I set here chill and numb,  
Waitin' fer the cold ter scatter,  
Longin' fer the buds ter come.

I reckon I'm a growin'  
Old, the days pass by so slow ;  
Mebbe I fergit the winters  
As hev been this late ter go ;—  
But it seems I never knowed the  
Birds ter keep tell April dumb ;  
An' my eyes is blossom-hungry,  
Longin' fer the buds ter come.

I know the winter's strength'nin'  
With its bracin', stiff'nin' air ;  
Man an' crop will stand the summer  
Better fer it ever'where ;—  
But I want ter see the grasses,  
Want ter hear the bee-hives hum ;  
An' my old eyes jist is achin',  
Longin' fer the buds ter come.

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**HABITS.**

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Character is that thing which we are. Reputation is what others think us to be. Habits are the foundation-stone of both of these. If we have moral habits, the first is the outcome ; if we have vicious ones, we secure the second. It is in college life particularly that seeds are sown in young men and women which will bring forth fruit in after life. At college we make many acquaintances. Let us be careful in the selection of our associates, for men become what associations make them. There are in college some men who are thoughtful about this matter. They subject you to an investigation, and you, perhaps, do not come

up to their standard. Should you not be one to follow such a plan? If you will follow your own heart, you may be certain you will never err. Our hearts will not betray us. Men follow where their hearts lead them, and make themselves what they are. When we follow our hearts we follow Nature; she will never err. Can any one discern the character of all his circle of friends? No man. Yet he is not disappointed by their acts and words. In that man, though he knew no ill of him, he puts no trust. In the other, though slightly acquainted, yet signs have passed to signify that he might be trusted as one who has an interest in his own character. In after life, when we shall endeavor to secure positions of importance, there will always be some who knew us during our college life. They may not give us a good recommendation—speaking of us as they knew us at college—and thus we may not be able to secure the sought-for position.

We should acquire the habits of daily devotion. If one wants to be nearer to God he must “go into his closet and shut the door,” as Jesus said. God does not take any faith in a coward, and will not make himself manifest to them. An hour each day spent in reading the Scriptures cannot be more profitably spent. We get knowledge from the Bible that stands us good in any phase of life. In the courts of justice the most powerful and convincing arguments are those taken from the Bible.

What good can come from the habit of drinking? You have nothing to gain and all to lose. Do you gain the respect of your neighbors by rolling in the gutter? Is your purse the better off? Would you trust your worldly affairs to a man who abstains from liquor, or to one who indulges freely?

Every evil, against which we have the power to resist, does us good. The Sandwich Islanders believe that when they have killed a person, the strength and valor of their



victim passes to themselves. So we acquire much strength by the temptations we resist. We should acquire the habit of reading authors for a certain length of time daily. There is nothing like thoughtful, earnest reading to fit a man for after life. The thoughts which we read will become a part of us, and then we can give them forth to the world in a different guise. A young man who has acquired the habit of daily reading is ready to fight all of life's combats. A Greek philosopher once said that "the habit of using books is the instrument of education." Prof. Thomas R. Price, in an article upon this subject, says: "I should rather see a scholar of mine leave college with the habit of daily reading and a love of good reading than to see him without that, decked with the sheepskins of all the faculties." Be careful in our every-day life. Its the little things that go to make up the big ones. A locomotive is being built. Workmen in various shops are forming and forging the various parts; one by one these are put together, and finally we have the powerful locomotive. So with our lives. What's to be gained by the habit of cutting classes? This is a habit with some people. If you have not prepared a lesson, it would be better to go to class and at least learn something by hearing others recite. In many cases it tempts you to tell a story to avoid an unexcused absence. Thus it is in most cases when we sin: if we commit one sin we are almost certain to commit another to cover our tracks. We should acquire the habit of being a good listener. Whatever a person is saying to us, however pressing time may be, we should pay the greatest attention. To be a good listener is the greatest sign of wisdom. It is to gain a point, which is sought by all educated people. Acquire the habit of continual cheerfulness. Be happy with all that goes on, whether it comes your way or not. That great Montaigne has very happily placed this. He says: "The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheer-

fulness ; her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon—always clear and serene.” As much depends on every act of yours as depended upon the renown steps of Washington, Jefferson, and Lee. Let us, then, believe by dealing nobly with all, all will show themselves noble.

X.

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### SAVONAROLA.

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The stepping-stones of the world's greatness have ever been great personalities. Centuries may be required for their standards to be attained ; geographical bounds may be shifted by their influence and prowess ; the conceptions of men will surely be changed under the sway of their thoughts. But nobility of character is not always the most popular thing, especially if some great idea gives it prominence. Unless the exponent of a new idea, or the apostle of a new doctrine, has a personality strong enough to withstand the phalanx of human weakness, better known as human power, he will have to pay at bitter cost for thinking great thoughts before the world has dreamed of them. New creations of the mind excite the thinking world no less than those of mechanics do the industrial world. Should these ideas take the direction of politics or religion, they will call forth the violent opposition of hosts of men. Church and State will be alike violent in their denunciation of the man who dares dispute their authority or reveal their weaknesses.

How true this seems when the curtain, woven by four centuries, is drawn aside and we gaze into the Convent of San Marco at Florence. Can the world ever forget the city where Dante wrote and Michael Angelo put life into stone? Couched amid the mountains of Italy, surrounded by olive groves, nothing could be lovelier. Nature had lain her hand upon some of her citizens and made them ascend the



loftiest heights of genius and adorn the city with works of art.

Hither came Jerome Savonarola in 1489. The Convent of San Marco was well suited to be the home of one who had drunk so deeply at the fountains of Thomas Aquinas and Aristotle. On this spot St. Antonine had spent that self-denying life, even when called to be archbishop of Florence. Around the walls were the paintings of Giovanni. What more inviting scenes to this young monk? And yet without, Florence, favored with Nature's grandest touches externally, is sunken in moral degradation.

This was Savonarola's hour. He was courageous enough to tell even Florence and the Medici of their sins. He was repulsively ugly, but when he spoke the message seemed to transform the vehicle that conveyed it, as the face lighted up and the eye sparkled beneath the dark brow and the hand moved in beautiful gesture. The Duomo was called into use to seat the Florentines, twelve or fifteen thousand of whom sat entranced by his eloquence.

The relations existing between Savonarola and his prince are strange indeed. Lorenzo de' Medici often sought a friendly interview with the monk. It was never granted; but when the cords of life were loosening he tried again. The Prior of San Marco told him that in order to grant him absolution he must have assurance of the restoration of stolen goods and of Florentine liberties. To the first condition the prince agreed; at mention of the second he turned his face to the wall, and the priest went his way. How bold a representative of right at the very death-bed of his prince!

The pulpit was not the only lever that Savonarola used to move Florence. He was a politician of the first rank. More than once has the power of the preacher been felt in politics. Cardinal Richelieu in France, Robert Hall in

England, Savonarola in Italy, have been strong influences in political history.

When the Florentines stood thunderstruck at the appearance of the French king at their gates, this priest ventured out to his camp as one of the ambassadors. He said to Charles, of Aujou, as he had said to the citizens, that Charles was the divine agent for their punishment, but told the king to enter boldly into the city, provided his hand would fall lightly upon the people. The French soon folded their tents and were gone. But the diplomat must also be a legislator, for Florence groaned under tyranny and a corrupt government. The patriot-priest proposed a Great Council of 3,200 of the best citizens to represent the people, and be the last tribunnal in the adoption of laws. The Signoria, or chief executive, should propose measures, the Ottanta or Eighty should have the privilege of discussion, and the Great Council should decide by vote—a complete reversion of usual republican forms. And yet it is strange that the patriot did not realize that he was dictator of Florence, for he thundered from the pulpit the measures that soon became laws. Great Florence was changing under the spell of this bold man. The home was becoming more sacred; nobles and scholars renounced their claims to honor and assumed the Dominican robe. This monk, that came to Florence as a stranger, had so completely captured the city that churchman and statesman gained impulses and ideas from his pulpit themes, and reformed their lives as if a veritable prophet of Assyrian and Babylonian days had breathed a divine message into the ears of degeneracy and desecration. That strange figure of mediæval Italian type was at the summit of his greatness, revealer of the secrets of men's hearts, throttler of tyranny, dictator of one of Italia's fairest cities.

Few men develop more than one department of their work. It belongs to a man of the highest type of thought



and tact to set in motion the wheels of varied interests and reach the highest standards in all with which he identifies himself. That one man, within eight years, should have put the great convent of San Marco on a sound footing as an educational and religious centre, made a complete revolution in the government of Florence and transformed the dangerous sports of its youth into factors of religious power, shows the mighty influence of a flaming spirit which few may even hope to attain.

But Savonarola's resistance to the hierarchy is the strongest proof of his heroism. He found his church corrupt, and spared not his fervent eloquence to point out evils in the life of brother monk and idolized Pope. The tyranny of the Church is more terrible than that of the State. The former achieves by superstition what the latter cannot even by the weight of authority. The ban of authority meant far less in the Middle Ages than the ban of excommunication. Hence Savonarola had less to fear from the representative of the unscrupulous house of the Medici than the vile yet highly exalted Borgias. To Lorenzo, seeking to win favor with him, he could more easily be indifferent than to Alexander, who offered him the red cap of a cardinal to quiet him. In case he did not recant the red cap of martyrdom would be his both by his own choice and the natural course of events.

San Marco's Prior did not propose to be the herald of a new faith supplanting that of Rome. He peered into the hidden recesses of ecclesiastical machinery,—better still, his acute sense of human nature enabled him to read the purposes of men. Very few have ever been so deeply moved by the degradation of their times. His feelings were breathed forth in the rugged poetry of his youth, voiced in his early sermons, but when the Duomo was his cathedral and Florence his audience his words fell with thunderous tones that woke the ruined to conviction. Was he a de-

luded prophet? One with ordinary piety could have foretold at that day that Florence was nearing the precipice. Was his life a failure? Is the man who stands for political and moral freedom ever a failure? Had he been priest or politician alone, his power might not have been crushed as it was by such a complication of forces. Let not Germany boast too greatly of her famous son; Italy had long before produced a man that lifted high his hand against Pope and tyrant.

Savonarola loved Florence intensely, and for her education, free government, moral and spiritual uplift, his best energies were spent. For her his life meant more than the lives of Dante, Giovanni, or Michael Angelo. He linked the voices of her citizens with eternal harmonies; painted on minds pictures of truth's glories; presented finer ideals of art than e'er the skill of man could fashion.

ROSCOE.

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### HOPE.

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In discussing a subject so vast in its scope, so grand and far-reaching in its drift, the immatured mind feels that restraint and timidity, rightly characteristic of its youth, in making broad statements which, as yet, it cannot grasp, only to be seen vaguely and indistinctly in the far distance.

A logical and scientific treatment of the subject will not be attempted, and might not be appreciated as much as if it were presented in its simple beauty.

Hope is, in a sense, antithetic to memory, and as such will be considered.

When life is but a budding flower, its rugged pathway all untried, untravelled, the spirit gladsome and active, the heart yet tender and pure, rays of Hope beam from the bright future and illumine that circle described about every human being.



Oh youth, so careless and impulsive, whose surroundings, joy and pleasure, unalloyed by the world's hard hand, whose quickening step and unfurrowed brow, bespeak health and gentle virtue, *what* is thy stay, *where* is thy life? Is it all gone and only the crisp cinders and ashes remaining?

Surely the bloom has not fallen from a stem so young. Surely boyhood, with all its buoyancy and bravery, activity and power, with all its tenderness and manly affection, dotes not on the past.

Ambition, budding as it does, in early youth, claims Hope as its origin, as its nourisher, as its strength. And yet this is the power before which and under which strong men tremble and mighty nations crumble to the dust. Beneath its powerful sway recollections of the past vanish as a waking dream.

Did you ever think why youth is the happiest period in human life? Certainly not that responsibilities are lighter—nay, rather, they are graver. Indeed, before man has reached his majority, the success and happiness of his life have been determined. His character, and, I might almost add, the destiny of his immortal soul, have been decided. But “Gay Hopes” are his “rod” and his “staff” to comfort him.

“Thine, O Hope, is the charm of life's bewildered way,  
That calls each slumbering power into play.”

We pass on from noble youth to nobler manhood. There, too, its genial rays lighten our burdens and brighten our pathways, productive alike of freedom and responsibility, joy and grief.

If there be a God, there must be a people; if a king, then subjects; if joy, the rejoicer; sorrow, the mourner; if there be crime, there must be the criminal; if life, then death; but thou, Oh Hope, art ever with man, the giver of



his joy, boon of his life in prosperity and happiness, yet in the deepest anguish of his soul thou art still his stay.

"There is no happiness Hope cannot promise, no difficulty it cannot surmount, no grief it cannot mitigate."

We know that all good things must be united for man to be happy, and, in this completion of happiness, we admit that memory plays no mean part. The memory of duty well performed, a spotless character, a blameless life, is such as any one could wish to entertain. Yet, can the memory, even of a life of purity and virtue, imperfect as it must be, be compared to the hope resting on that "Impregnable Rock," of an eternal life of beauty beyond the stars? We know that the memory of some dear companion and friend, who has faded as a "spring flower," is cherished sacred and priceless; but what is all that to the hope of the reunion when we, too, shall have been transplanted in that Other Garden?

In the best of memory, there is sorrow and regret mingled with pleasure. In hope, pleasure unalloyed, on whose bright pictures the past reflects but a clearer, softer ray.

Go, search in the darker walks of life, where happiness is a stranger and life itself but a burden which only the bravest and most resolute can bear. Look with pitying glances on the friendless captive as, in despair and deepest solitude, he tosses upon his rock-pillowed couch. How that little window, so far above his head, seems to shrink into a tiny spot, as if ashamed to admit the bright noonday beams upon a scene so awful.

See that once bright, boyish countenance upon which are now found, forever stamped, vice and intemperance, suffering of body too great to find utterance in the human tongue, agony of mind beyond the power of words to paint. Fain would he drink deep of the waters of Lethe, and cast memory, with all the misery it brings, forever into the dark waves of oblivion—

“But when all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,  
Hope, the Charmer, lingered still behind.”

So, too, in that wistful, upturned face, there, as the rays beam more brightly, rests no look of utter despair. Those sunken eyes drink in another light than the Sunbeams. Hope is whispering sweet prospects of freedom—

As night follows day, so old age follows manhood.

It is a very mistaken idea that the aged dwell wholly, or nearly so, on the past. That recollections of other days afford their most cherished pleasures is a huge mistake. When the number of their years has been counted, then is *life* nearest to its beginning.

No doubt the aged, virtuous man often thinks of his childhood's home with unfeigned pleasure. “Its smiling valleys and fertile plains, verdant meadows and shady woods,” circle in his mind as vividly as when beheld by his boyish eyes. But as he looks back, and then with the eye of Hope, he gets a glimpse of that far brighter shore, weary with the tossings of misfortune and adversity, the old place at home with all its sweet but fading scenes makes him yearn for that “new place” at Home “where sorrow never lives, nor friendship ever dies.” Tired of life, weary of its hardships, aged, forlorn and poor, he breathes in tender, faltering accents :

“The wearied bird, blown o'er the deep,  
Would sooner quit its shore  
Than I would cross again the Gulf  
That time has brought me o'er.”

N'IMPORTE.



## SHOULD WOMAN BE ADMITTED TO OUR COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES?

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It must be admitted by all fair-minded men that the opportunities for the higher education of women are very meagre in comparison to the liberal advantages of men. But whether their condition should be alleviated by allowing them to enter our colleges and universities is questioned by grave, earnest and experienced educators, and, therefore, well may we pause and carefully consider the expediency of co-education before we throw open the doors of our higher institutions of learning to both sexes. For if, as we believe, co-education is detrimental to the harmony of society, its injurious effects will be lasting, and exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to eradicate.

It is asserted that co-education is no longer a theory to be discussed by *a priori* reasonings, but is a practice already in vogue in many States of our Union and elsewhere, and must be condemned or approved by experience. Upon the first consideration this affirmation seems very plausible, but upon further reflection its plausibility even vanishes. For co-education is as yet comparatively in its infancy. It remains to be seen what will be its results. Women have been graduated from co-educational institutions; their professors can testify that they studied well; that they made a high percentage on their examinations; that their mental capacity in many respects equalled that of the male students, but can they testify as to the influence these women graduates have exerted since they left college? We think not. Influence, like nature, is slow and silent in its work—years only show its results.

In consideration of this question we will do well to ask ourselves what is the *real object* of education. According to various authorities "Education is a development of both *mind* and *character*, the cultivation of true and pure



tastes, the formation of right habits, the establishment of a balance and unity of all the forces of one's nature."

So, according to authorities, education is a development of both mind and character, but character, which is even the more important of the two, can certainly be best developed in separate colleges and universities. Then, since it is universally agreed that college is one of the most, if not the most important period in the development of character, it is highly important that young men and young women should attend different institutions of learning.

Some one has said: Woman may gain rude strength by coming in daily contact with masculine minds, but she is likely to lose as much as she gains." Yes, the loss on the part of both man and woman will be greater than the gain. The daily contact and rivalry in the college will take away much of that refinement which is now so characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon woman, and at the same time rob man of much of that chivalrous regard which he now has for her. And when woman has lost those womanly traits which always have, and do now make the heart of man beat with a sweet devotion and ardent admiration for her, which fills his soul with noble and lofty sentiments and inspire him to manly and valorous deeds, what then will become of our boasted civilization? In other words, when man is to be prompted to action, not by the love of woman, but by her competition and rivalry, will he not degenerate?

C. G. Mc.

## MAN'S LOVE OF PROMINENCE.

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It is universally admitted, and an undeniable fact, that every man loves prominence and distinction. It is almost as generally admitted that no one gets as much prominence as he wants; that many do not deserve the prominence they get; and that a few deserve the prominence they do not get.

Every man has certain ideas as respects the world and its people—with some, these ideas are original or “their own;” with most, they are borrowed. But *all* men, whether they lend or borrow, depend on these “ideas” to give them that distinction which all men want from the hands of their fellow-men.

There are many who have the faculty of using borrowed ideas to a great advantage, and it is of these particular ones that I wish to say a little.

Conversation is the great medium which we employ when using our borrowed ideas to the best advantage; and if one has the gift of keeping shut his mouth at the right time, and of opening his mouth at the right time, he can be successful in fooling other's into the belief of his knowing a great deal, when, in reality, he knows little or nothing. It is of those, as already said, who know when to open and when to close their mouths that I wish especially to speak; and a simple illustration will, perhaps, serve my purpose.

Let us imagine ourselves at a social gathering where various matters of interest are discussed. In the discussion of the different questions each, in turn, will make his comments or remarks, until, to yourself, the question comes. About this immediate one you happened to know a little something, and by adding that little to what you have heard from the others, and by some rearrangement of language, you make quite a creditable display, and, perhaps, from this



very show, you are credited with quite an amount of sense and a good store of acquired knowledge. So, having made yourself honored by this little speech, you are asked to lead off with your ideas on the next question for discussion. You are now confronted with another question—what will you say? You know nothing whatever about the next topic, and have never so much as given it a thought. Do you say—I am sorry, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to advance any ideas of value? No; you have no notion of saying anything of the kind. This is what you or any other of us would do. You put on your just-now conferred dignity, and thus respond: “If you please, I will withhold my opinion until later. I would like, however, to hear from Mr. S.” “Certainly, certainly, Mr. B,” answers the host. “Now, Mr. S., will you tell us what you think of the personal character of Charles Dickens?” Mr. S. seems highly interested, and, after much speaking, concludes that Dickens was a man of marked peculiarities, but had no more than any genius should have to distinguish himself from the other world; and that he, while too human to be faultless, was as near the moral standard as a man of his natural tendencies could get.

The other questions relative to the life, character, and works of Mr. Dickens make you, just a few minutes since totally ignorant, suddenly very “know all.” You are soon asked for an opinion of Dickens, taken in every phase of his life, and you comply with an interesting discourse. Yes, Mr. Dickens is your ideal of all the English authors, and you would count yourself blessed if allowed to live in the same generation with another such man.

Thus, you see how we go; and thus you see the principle upon which so many of us are daily acting.

W. R. W.

## Editorial.

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FROM financial considerations THE MESSENGER has necessarily been cut down for the month of June to its present size.

In view of the fact that a medal is awarded by the Societies to the student who, having contributed three acceptable articles, is adjudged to have attained to the highest literary excellency in any one selected by himself from among his contributions, and also that all the contestants have not already submitted the requisite three literary productions, we devote the literary department of this issue to the publication of those articles necessary to render their contributors eligible to enter the lists.

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WE hope none of our readers will take it that we are resting on our oars—far from it; we are intending, *per contra*, to publish a special issue at the close of the session, and are hoping to make it the crowning number of the year.

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### A LOYAL ALUMNUS.

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In the April issue of THE MESSENGER appeared a short editorial deploring the fact that “college men do not write more that is of an imaginative character.” In response Mr. Earnest M. Long writes us: “Your editorial in the April number, deploring the lack of articles of an imaginative origin, induces me to offer a prize of twenty dollars to the writer of the best article of this kind that shall appear in the pages of THE MESSENGER during the ensuing session.”

Mr. Long was graduated from Richmond College with



the degree of Bachelor of Law in '94, and is now studying in Yale University ; still, however, that his interest in his *Alma Mater* is unabated is manifestly shown in this instance of liberality toward her students.

While at college Mr. Long had honor after honor thrust upon him, and on every occasion acquitted himself most gratifyingly to his friends and creditably to the Mu Sigma Rho Society, of which he was a member.

We feel very sure the fortunate students of next session will fully appreciate so marked an interest in their development, and gratefully acknowledge it in a hearty, generous rivalry for the prize.

Allow us to add, in conclusion, that such *alumni* as Mr. Long is what every college needs and ought to have. Men are wanted who, when they see a defect in their college or a weakness in any work pertaining to her welfare, will exert themselves to the utmost to remedy that defect or weakness, and not such miserable specimens of degenerate humanity who will put themselves to every inconvenience to "get in" a lie, invented solely and maliciously for the down-pulling of that institution to which they owe their allegiance.

**CALENDAR.**

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June 16.—(Sunday)—Commencement : Sermon in College chapel.

“ 17.—Celebration of Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies.

“ 18.—Address before the Literary Societies by Carter Helm Jones;  
Hon. H. R. Pollard, presiding.

Meeting of College Trustees.

“ 19.—Alumni banquet.

“ 20.—Commencement proper : Delivery of Honors and Diplomas and  
award of Medals.

“ 21.—We go home.



## Athletics.

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### **RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY. SCORE, 9-4.**

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On May 6th the Columbian University team essayed to gobble up the Spiders, but the wary Spiders crawled away with them, in spite of Mr. Barnard's underhanded shoots and curves. If the Columbia boys had made as many runs as they made errors, their defeat would not been quite so bad. They made five errors, while we made only two, both of which fell to the lot of Leonard; but we could excuse those, as he made some pretty plays and two corking base-hits. In the seventh inning things looked rather shaky for us; there were three Columbian men on bases and no outs, but a double play and a strike out, in both of which Lockett assisted, easily retired the side. This was the first whole game that Lockett had pitched, and it certainly was a creditable one to him. Barring a little wildness, he pitched a good game, striking out ten men and allowing only five hits to be made off his delivery. McNeill played a beautiful game at second; "Baby" also put up the genuine article at third. Dalzell, third base for Columbian, fielded superbly, and transformed several would-be hits into put-outs. White made a three-base hit and two singles; Ellyson had two doubles to his credit. Barnard is a good pitcher, therefore more honor to us for securing eleven hits off him.

As the Captain of the team has the scores, and he is too sick to be seen, a detailed score of this game, and that with Randolph-Macon, could not be obtained.

**RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. RANDOLPH-MACON.  
SCORE, 12-4.**

The game at Ashland, May 18th, up to the fourth inning, was the prettiest one we have played this season. Up to that inning only one hit had been made and no runs scored. Both sides played snappy ball, and the Randolph-Macon boys were jubilant and hopeful. They sung songs written for the occasion, and blew tin horns galore. Their far-famed flaxen-haired twirler seemed to puzzle the Spiders at first, and already his ardent supporters imagined they could see the halo of victory encircling his locks. But the hopes of youth are vain, as the poets tell us; and what those Spiders did for him can be condensed into the two expressive little letters, a. p. They succeeded in piling up twelve hits and an equal number of runs. Both sides made three errors. Ellyson pitched a great game. After the first hit had been made off him he shook back his auburn locks out of his eyes and settled down to business. Had he not in the ninth inning (thinking to hurry up the game in order to catch the train) pitched Kerr an easy drop for him to hit, it is probable that only three hits would have been made off him. In the third inning Boyle, second base for Randolph-Macon, was struck in the head by pitched ball. This soon after necessitated his removal, and Kerr was substituted. The fielding of Lockett and Fletcher was especially good. Edwards had a good eye for ball playing that day, getting two hits and making some very pretty pick-ups at first base. Lunsford led in batting. As before explained, detailed score is not appended.



## Collegiana.

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June! Examination!! Commencement!!!

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"Where will we be thirty days from now?"

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Say, Did you make it? How'd you come out?

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Mr. W. (in English final examination) : Professor, did I make the intermediate examination?

Prof. : You attend to the final, sir.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

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Hot weather! Living pictures!! W'h'te in rocking chair on cottage porch!!!

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Let everybody give their names to the Business Manager for the commencement number. Several first-class cuts will appear, and, altogether, we have reason to believe this will be the most complete number of THE MESSENGER ever published.

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Mr. H-g-n says that C-b, *alias* "Shorty," who attends dancing school down town, was told by his instructor that he could never learn to dance, because he plowed corn so long he spoilt his step.

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Mrs. S., speaking of going to Yorktown, said she was going for the *change*, and Mr. B-ts remarked that the reason he was not going was that it took too much *change*.

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Professor of English : "Mr. B-d-k, will you tell us something about the difficulties Charles I. had with the Scottish Church?"

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Mr. B. : Well, once when the pastor gave out a hymn from the prayer-book an old woman hurled her stool at him and shouted : ' I will not *sing* out of that prayer-book.' "

Mr. H-1 (in English class) : "It was prevalent only in the fifteenth century—that is, from 1400 to 1600."

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It is said that Mr. M-1 is making a research to see if he can find out whether or not Christ was *put to death* by capital punishment.

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Prof. : "Mr. S-d, will you tell us what we have to-day?"

Mr. S. : "We have Cromwell as protectorate, I believe."

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A few days ago a stranger, having called for C. P. R., was told that Mr. R. was gone to see his girl. "But the man I'm looking for is a preacher," replied the stranger.

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One rainy Sunday the secretary of one of the Sunday-schools in the city began as follows to read the report of the school : "Mr. A. seven scholars and ten cents ; Mr. B. two scholars and *no cents*."

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The contests for the improvement-in-debate medal of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies was held on the night of May 10th, and were decided in favor of Messrs. J. Alfred Garrett for the Mu Sigma Rho, and W. W. Edwards for the Philologian.

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### **THE CONTEST FOR THE WOOD'S MEDAL.**

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Owing to the inopportunity of the hour and the likelihood of rain, not a large audience greeted the young contestants for the Woods declamation medal in the College chapel on the afternoon of May 7th.

The contest was very close, and the judges expressed themselves as finding much difficulty in rendering an opinion. However, after speaking in highly-complimentary terms of each competitor, Mr. Kirby, on the part of the judges, announced their decision in favor of Mr. Ernest



Mosby, of Richmond, who declaimed "The Character of Napoleon."

While the judges were in consultation Professor Young, under whose management the contest was held, treated his audience to several choice selections in reading, which were much enjoyed and heartily applauded.

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### **CONTEST FOR THE STEELE MEDAL.**

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In the Philologian Hall of Richmond College the privilege of wearing the Steele reading medal was contested yesterday afternoon by Messrs. Rawley, Gibson, Johnson, Mosby and Louthan. Each gentleman read a selection from prose and a short poem. Those entitled to contest for this medal are required to be members of Mr. Young's elocution class, and right well did they testify to the thoroughness and skillfulness of the Professor's training.

The judges were composed of members of the faculty, and on their part Professor Winston announced that with no slight difficulty it was decided that the medal should be awarded to Mr. W. E. Gibson.

With the contest for this medal closes Mr. Young's first year's connection with the educational staff of the college. The members of his class express themselves as highly gratified with the improvement they have made under his painstaking instruction, and say that he is thoroughly at home with his subject.

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### **THEY RAN AND JUMPED.**

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#### **May 10th Was Field Day at Richmond College.**

Nearly 600 people witnessed the exercises of the fifth annual Field Day at the College May 10th.

The first thing on the morning programme was a tennis double, participated in by Messrs. Louthan and Trice and

Puryear and Harrison. The prize, a pair of tennis shoes, was won by the two latter gentlemen by a score of 22 to 13.

Mr. Louthan carried off the prize for the standing and running jump, making an average of  $14\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and for the mile run.

Throwing base-ball was a feature of the day. Mr. W. F. Gordon throwing  $112\frac{1}{2}$  yards, and beating the college record by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards. One of the most interesting features of the event was the ball-throwing by H. K. Ellyson. Mr. Ellyson, though not eligible to contest, threw merely to break the former record, with the result of hurling the horsehide  $120\frac{2}{3}$  yards.

The medal given by the Association for the successful contestant in the bicycle race was won in a half-mile race by "Dux" Mercer.

In the hurdle race (220 yards), Mr. Louthan was again successful. Mr. Phillips won the sack-race.

#### AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The tennis tournament (single), participated in by Messrs. Winston, Puryear and Louthan, resulted in favor of Messrs. Puryear and Louthan.

The gold medal for the average standing and running high jump was won by Mr. Ryland.

Messrs. C. E. Taylor and Owens were the first and second successful contestants for the gymnasium prizes.

The gold medal given by T. C. Williams for the successful contestant in the 100-yard dash was won by Mr. Wins Wilson.

The elephant race was won by Lunsford and White.

Mr. Louthan's excellent "putting of the shot" (12 pounds) 31 feet was rewarded by a copy of Greg's History of the United States.

O. L. Owen, by a vault of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  feet, carried off the prize for pole-vaulting.



Mr. A. D. Louthan was successful as the all-round medallist.

A beautiful bouquet of roses was awarded to Mr. Phillips for being adjudged the most popular athlete in the entries. Mr. Phillips also won the one-fifth mile consolation race, receiving as a reward a freezer of cream from Moesta & Co.

Dr. Stuart McGuire awarded the medals and prizes to the several candidates in a most graceful manner.

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As little Johnny was coming into the rear side door of his house, it being muddy, outside, his mother asked: "Did you wipe off your feet?" "No, ma'am," responded Johnny. "Why not?" asked the mother. "'Cause if I did, I wouldn't have any feet, that's the reason."

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## Medical College of Virginia.

The FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL SESSION will begin TUESDAY, September the 17th, 1895,

### **A Three Years' Graded Course.**

The City Free Dispensary in the College, which treats over 12,000 patients annually, and the Old Dominion Hospital, recently remodeled and equipped and other Institutions, furnish excellent clinical advantages.

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Dean of the Faculty,  
Corner Marshall and College Streets, Richmond, Va.





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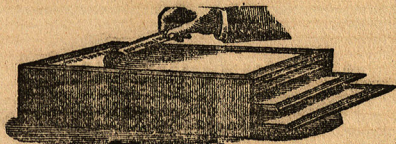
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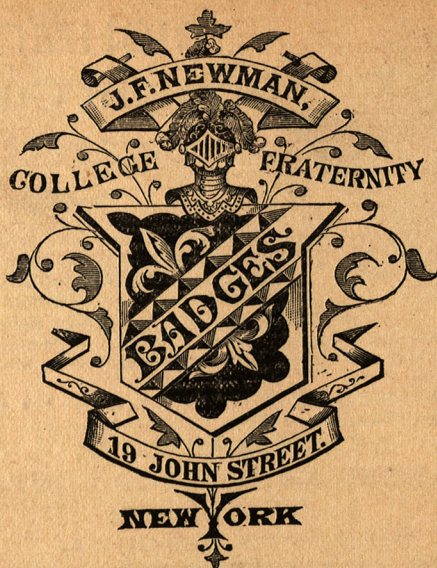
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